

CANDY

I.C.D.
8



10¢

AUGUST No.17

SHE DOESN'T WANT TO
SPOIL HER NEW
HAIR-DO, TED!

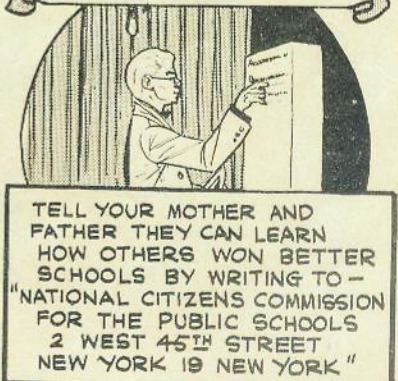




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Better schools make better communities



CANDY

CANDY, YOU SHOULD REALLY TEACH THAT PIG BETTER MANNERS!

YES, AUNT MATILDA! WE'RE THINKING OF SENDING IT TO FINISHING SCHOOL!



WHAT'S UP, MOM? WHY ARE YOU HIDING MY JIVE PLATTERS?

AUNT MATILDA IS ARRIVING FOR A SURPRISE VISIT TONIGHT AND SHE MUSTN'T SEE THEM!

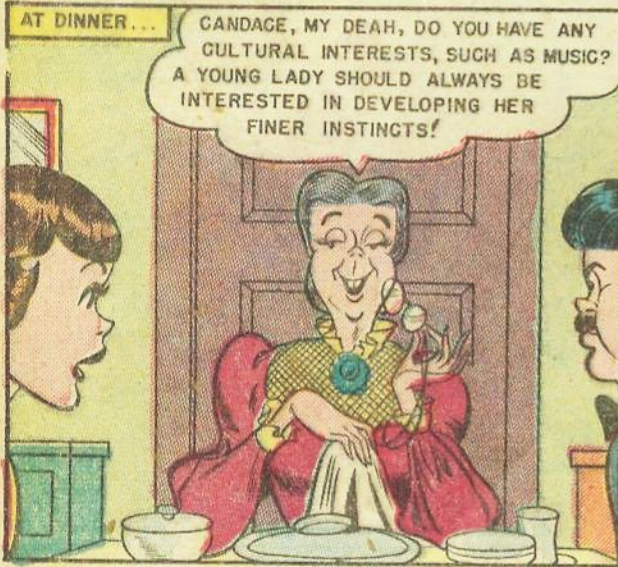


AUNT MATILDA?

SHE'S YOUR FATHER'S WEALTHY SISTER FROM BOSTON! SHE HAS VERY DEFINITE IDEAS ABOUT HOW TO BRING UP YOUNG LADIES, AND JIVE IS POSITIVELY NOT PART OF THE PLAN!



CANDY



CANDY



NEXT EVENING, AT THE ENTRANCE TO MISS MURGATROYD'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES...

SO THIS IS THE CULTURE FACTORY! GOLLY, THE INMATES SURE LOOK LIKE DRIPS! WONDER IF I'LL HAVE TO WEAR CREEPY CLOTHES LIKE THAT!

HERE WE ARE, MISS!

YOU MUST BE CANDACE O'CONNOR, MATILDA O'CONNOR'S NIECE! WELCOME TO MISS MURGATROYD'S! I'M MISS TWIDDLE, YOUR ADVISER! COME, I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM!

HELLO, MISS TWIDDLE!

WONDER WHAT I'LL GET FOR A ROOMMATE?

I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU... YOUR ROOMMATE IS ALSO FROM HARTWICK! ISN'T THAT COZY?

FROM HARTWICK? I WONDER WHO...

CANDY!

CORNELIA! OH, NO!

I'LL LEAVE YOU NOW! I'M SO GLAD YOU KNOW EACH OTHER! IT WILL MAKE THINGS MUCH COZIER!

I'D RATHER ROOM WITH A BARRACUDA IN TEN FEET OF WATER! HOW ARE YOU, CORNELIA DEAR?

WELL, CANDY, YOU'RE THE LAST PERSON I EXPECTED TO SEE HERE, BUT I GUESS WE MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THE BEST OF IT!

THE BEST FOR ME, THAT IS!

THAT'S PEACHY WITH ME, CORNELIA! WHAT IS THIS SIGN ABOUT?

GIRL WITH BEST MANNERS WILL WIN A MYSTERY PRIZE AT SCHOOL DANCE!

RULES

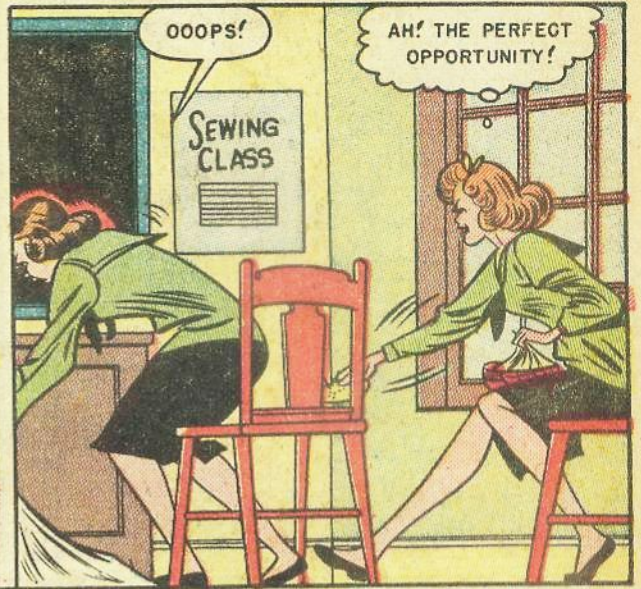
NOTHING YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN! UGH! IT'S A CONTEST TO FIND THE BEST-MANNERED GAL IN THE SCHOOL! OOF! I'M SURE TO WIN IT, EVEN THOUGH I CAN'T STAND THIS PLACE! GROAN! NO MEN!

OH, REALLY?

HMMM, I'D BETTER BRUSH UP ON MY EMILY POST! THEN WE'LL SEE WHO WINS THAT CONTEST!



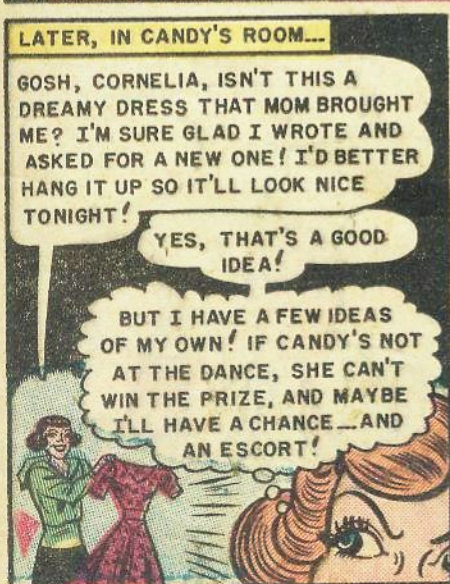
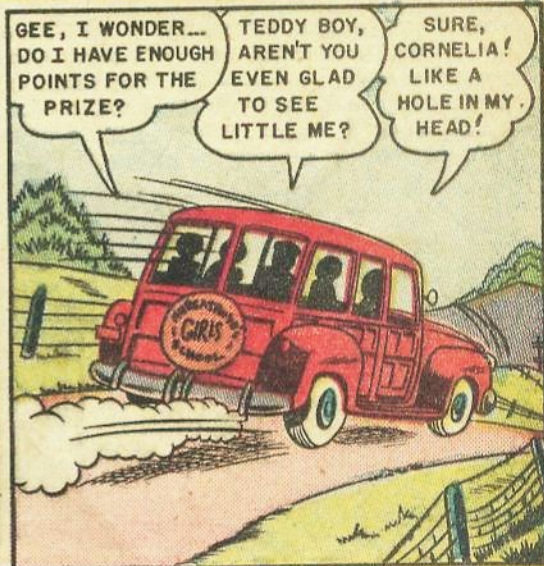
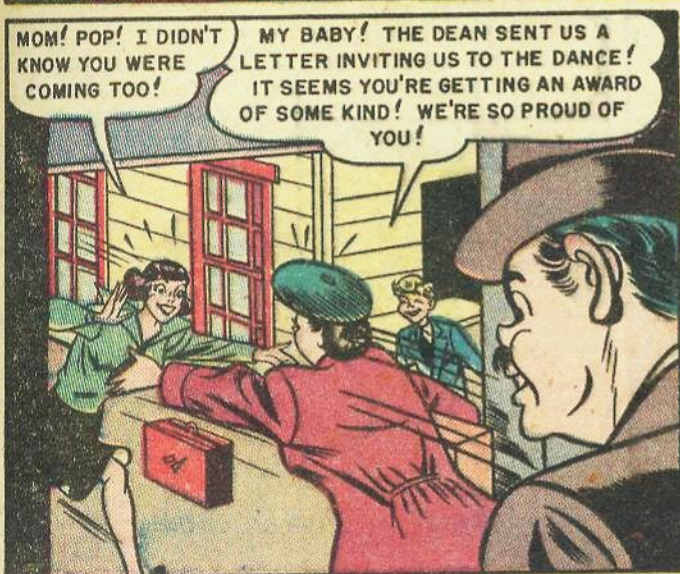
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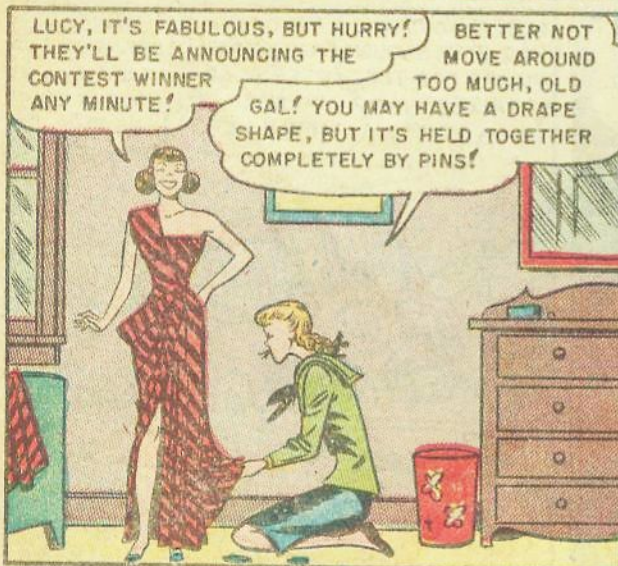
CANDY



CANDY



CANDY



CANDY

THE YOUNG LADY WITH THE BEST MANNERS HAS BEEN JUDGED TO BE MISS CANDACE O'CONNOR, NIECE OF OUR ILLUSTRIOUS ALUMNUS, MATILDA O'CONNOR! THE RUNNER UP IS MISS CORNELIA CLYDE!

HART!
STOP! WAIT
A MINUTE!

THE DRAPES ARE MISSING FROM CANDY'S ROOM! IF IT'S HER FAULT, SHE'S DIS...
EEK! SHE'S WEARING THEM!

OH, DEAR, I DIDN'T KNOW! YES, I MADE THEM INTO THIS DRESS WHEN I COULDN'T FIND MINE! I--I GUESS THAT MEANS CORNELIA WINS THE PRIZE, DOESN'T IT? I--I'M SORRY, AUNT MATILDA!

SORRY? WHY, ANY NIECE OF MINE WHO IS SMART ENOUGH TO DO WHAT YOU DID, DESERVES TO INHERIT MY MONEY!

THAT'S MY DAUGHTER!

WELL, I GUESS YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS SCHOOL, HAVEN'T YOU, CANDY? WANT TO COME BACK TO HARTWICK?

BOY, I SURE DO!

HOORAY FOR MR. O'CONNOR!

BUT, JUDGE, AREN'T YOU FORGETTING SOMETHING? LIKE MY PRIZE, FOR INSTANCE?

EH? OH, YES! DEAR ME, HOW FORGETFUL! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SINCE CANDACE HAS BEEN DISQUALIFIED, CORNELIA GETS THE PRIZE...

... A YEAR'S SCHOLARSHIP TO OUR OWN MISS MURCATROYD'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES!

OH, NO!

HA--HA! TED, IT LOOKS LIKE THIS FINISHING SCHOOL HAS REALLY FINISHED CORNELIA!

?



CANDY



CANDY



CANDY



CANDY



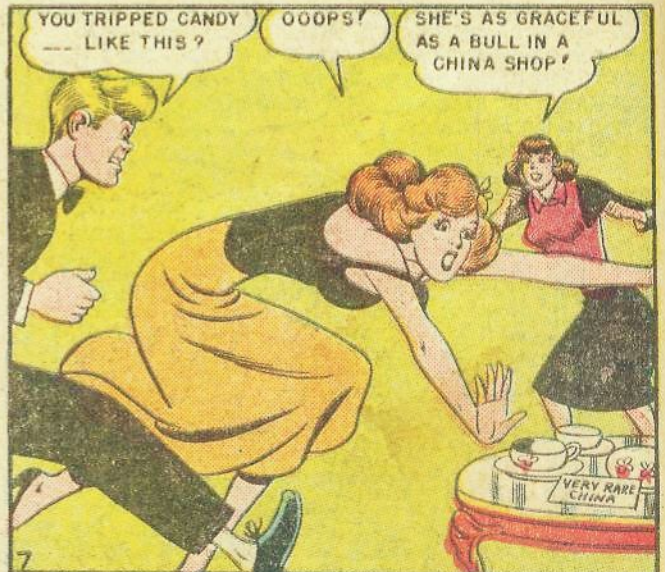
CANDY



CANDY



CANDY



CANDY





JITTERS, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE DATE I GOT YOU FOR THE JUMP-FEST?

FINE, BUGS, OLD BOY! ONLY TROUBLE IS ---SHE CAN'T DANCE!



WANNA COME WITH ME TO THE SODA SHOP? I'VE GOTTA GLIM THE GALS TO SEE WHICH I'LL GIVE THE BENEFIT OF A DATE WITH ME TO THE HOP!

DON'T STRAIN YOUR BRAIN, BIG SHOT! ALL THE BABES ARE BOOKED!



BOOKED? HOW DO YOU KNOW?

I PHONED THE FIELD AND FINALLY LATCHED ON TO THE LAST ONE WHO WAS ON THE LOOSE!



GEE, THIS IS AWFUL! ME, THE JIVIN'EST JOE IN TOWN AND CHAIRMAN OF THE DANCE, WITHOUT A JILL FOR THE FORMAL SHINDIG!

GOSH, JITTERS, WHAT'LL YOU DO?

CANDY



I CAN'T GO STAG... MY REPUTATION'S AT STAKE! I GOTTA THINK! YOU THINK TOO!

THAT'S ASKING A LOT BUT I'LL TRY!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA! MY MOTHER HAS A FRIEND WHO JUST MOVED NEAR HERE TO LUCASVILLE, AND SHE HAS A DAUGHTER AND...

BUGS, THAT'S USING THE OLD BEAN! IS THE GIRL PRETTY?



I NEVER SAW HER BUT WE HAVE A PHOTOGRAPH! MOM'S BEEN WANTING ME TO ASK HER OVER!

LET'S SEE THE PICTURE!



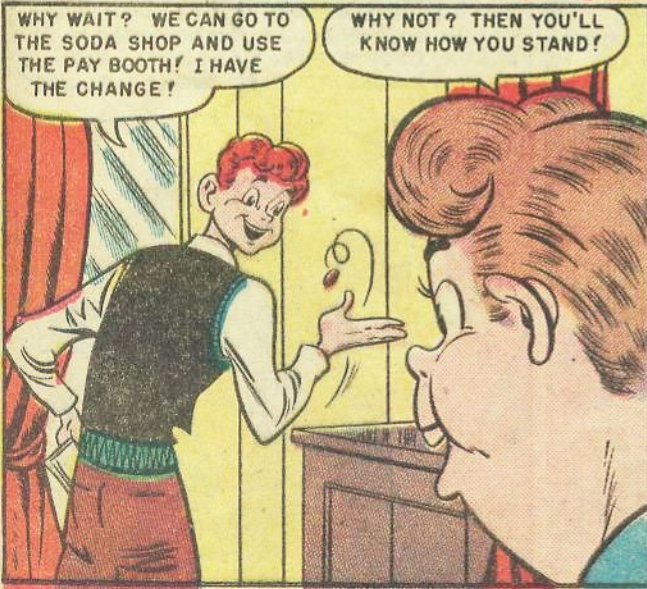
WOW! SOME CLASS! SHE'S A BEAUT! GOOD DANCER?

MUST BE! I HEARD MY MOTHER SAY SHE WON SOME KIND OF A DANCING CONTEST!



BUGS, YOU'VE PULLED ME OUT OF A JAM! BUT HOW CAN I GET DATED UP WITH THIS DELECTABLE DISH?

WE COULD CALL LONG DISTANCE, EXCEPT I'D HAVE TO WAIT FOR MY PARENTS' PERMISSION!



WHY WAIT? WE CAN GO TO THE SODA SHOP AND USE THE PAY BOOTH! I HAVE THE CHANGE!

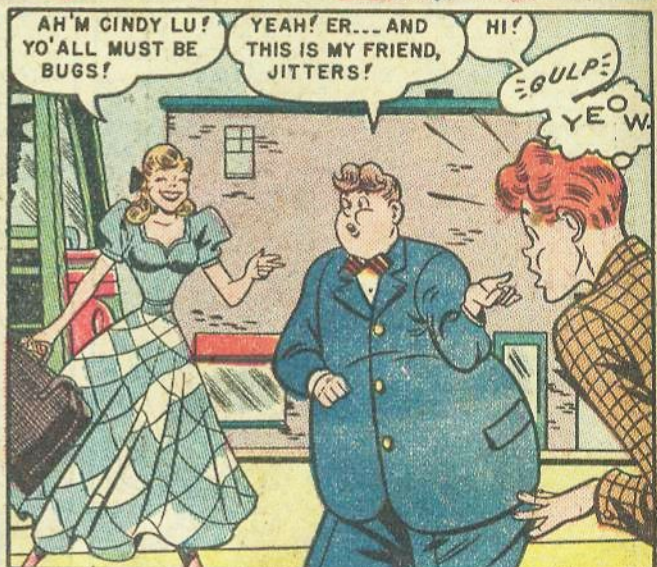
WHY NOT? THEN YOU'LL KNOW HOW YOU STAND!



I'LL BET CINDY LU WILL ACCEPT! AND MOM'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE HER STAY AT OUR HOUSE!

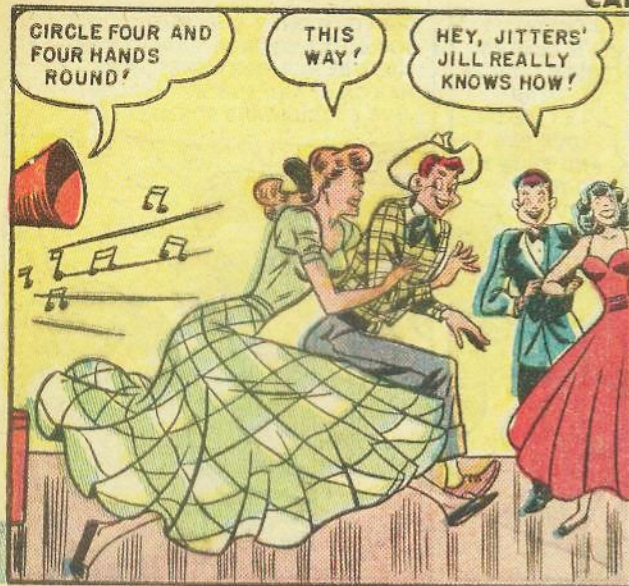
CINDY LU! WHEN I TAKE HER TO THE SHUFFLE, ALL THE LOCAL LOVELIES WILL TURN GREEN WITH JEALOUSY!

CANDY



CANDY





Those Big Blue Eyes

THINGS were quiet and peaceful in Summerville that lazy spring afternoon when Dooley Jackson first took over the soda fountain in Mumford's Drug Store. Yes sir, he was going to be the best darn soda jerk that Mumford had ever seen, and, set up behind the gleaming counter in his white jacket and jaunty cap, he felt ready to face anything.

"Well, you look quite professional, Dooley," said Mr. Mumford coming over to the counter. "Take care of things for me, will you? I'll be gone about two hours. Er—you're sure you know how to work those gadgets at the fountain?"

"Oh, yes, sir," Dooley eagerly replied. "You don't have to worry about a thing . . . being a soda jerk is old stuff to me."

As Mr. Mumford's back disappeared out the door, Dooley remembered uneasily his first and only attempt at mixing sodas. It had been at Crush Johnson's birthday party, where Dooley had met his one and only heart throb, Celia Wilks. It seems he couldn't keep his mind on the mixing because of Celia's big blue eyes . . . and well, he shuddered when he thought of the gory results. There had been carbonated water all over Mrs. Johnson's new rug and Celia wouldn't speak to him to this day because he had dropped chocolate syrup all over her new dress. He sighed and leaned both elbows on the counter.

Dooley was so absorbed in his thoughts that he didn't even see Crush Johnson look in the drugstore window and run off down the street to round up the gang and Celia Wilks, Crush's particular gal. A little later the crowd of teen-agers burst in the door, and pounded on the counter.

"Wake up, drizzlepuss. We want service!" belated Crush.

"Yeah, whip up some super-duper concoctions . . . you know, your specialty," shouted another one of the bunch and everyone laughed. Everyone, that is, except Dooley. For he was looking smack into the eyes of Celia.

"Hello, Dooley boy," she cooed. "Won't you make me a chocolate sundae with coconut and whipped cream on top?"

"Er . . . whipped sundae, chocolate coconut . . . coming right up, Celia." He whirled into action. Now, let's see, what would he put it in? Oh, those blue eyes . . . ah, a glass. Now first the ice cream . . . with a flourish, he popped a scoop into a tall glass.

"This is the funniest thing I've ever seen," Crush whispered to the brawny boy next to him. "Dooley is so off his rocker over Celia that he'll mess things

up and get fired and I'll be even with him for the trouble he caused at my party. I told Celia to wiggle her eyelashes at him for me . . . this is a panic."

By that time Dooley had poured chocolate sauce over the ice cream in the glass and was putting what he thought was coconut bits over the concoction. But his mind was so full of Celia that his hand reached for the headache powder dispenser instead. The counter was littered with dribbles of ice cream, spoons full of chocolate sauce and grains of the headache powder. Once in a while Dooley would look up from his labor and find Celia staring at him. Overwhelmed he'd dive back into the preparations. When it was finally finished, he placed it before her, knocking a chocolate covered spoon off the counter because his hands were shaking so.

"Oh!" squeaked Celia jumping off her stool. There was a trail of chocolate down the front of her dress.

Overcome, Dooley tried to fix things. "Wait, Celia," he said, reaching for the water faucet, "maybe I can clean it up for you." Turning the tap, he put his finger under it.

"Dooley! Stop! You're drenching me!" Celia's cry made Dooley look up. His finger under the tap had squirted the water right at her, and the force of it had washed away the chocolate. "Oh Celia, I'm such a drip."

"C'mon, Celia, let's get out of this dump," called Crush heading for the door with the gang following.

"You go ahead, Crush. I'm going to stay and help Dooley clean up this mess . . . after all, it really was my fault."

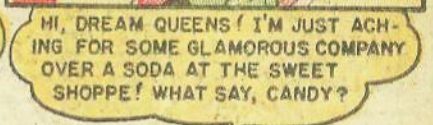
Then before Dooley knew what was happening, Celia had snatched the soda fountain rag from his hand and was busily mopping up the puddle of water on the floor. "G-gosh," he stammered.

In a few minutes the fountain was as clean and sparkling as it had been when Dooley had first stepped behind it, but now it was decorated by the shapely form of Celia about to dig into the huge sundae in the soda glass before her. Something clicked in Dooley's mind . . . had he put coconut on top?

"Wait a minute, Celia . . ." and he grabbed the glass and dumped the contents into the sink. In a twinkling he had whipped up a professionally constructed sundae which he placed before her. Oh, those blue eyes . . . now they really inspired him. And when Mr. Mumford returned he found Dooley, elbows on the counter in front of Celia who had just finished the sundae.



CANDY



CANDY

AFTER DINNER...

RING!
RING!



GOSH, I DON'T
FEEL TOO
SHARP! WONDER
WHAT TRISH
AND TINA ARE
DOING? MAYBE
IF I TALK TO
THEM,
I'LL FEEL
BETTER!

WE JUST CAME
OVER TO SEE
HOW YOU FELT
AFTER YOUR
FIRST DIET
MEAL! WE
FEEL FINE,
DON'T WE,
TINA?

Y-GULP!
Y-YEAH,
JUST
PEACHY!

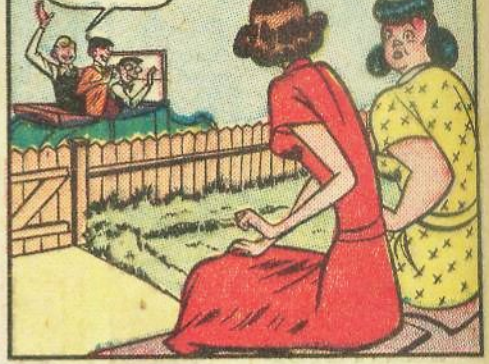
WHY, I'M
SURE I
HAVEN'T
NOTICED
THE
DIFFERENCE!
MUCH!



LOOK, THERE ARE OUR
STARVING SWEET-
HEARTS! SURE WE
CAN'T TEMPT YOU
WITH A BIG, JUICY
SUPER BANANA
SPLIT WITH WHIPPED
CREAM AND PECANS
ON TOP?

HUMPH! LET'S GO
FOR A WALK,
GANG! SOMEPLACE
QUIET!

GROAN!



GEE, TED, DON'T YOU
EVEN WANT A
DOUBLE THICK
MALTED?

HONEST, HERBIE, I JUST DON'T
FEEL LIKE EATING A THING!
IT'S NOT THE SAME WITHOUT
CANDY AND THE OTHER GALS
AROUND!

YEAH!

I CAN SEE WHERE THIS
DIET THING IS GONNA
MESS UP MY JOB!

WAIT, FELLAS! I'VE GOT A WOW
OF AN IDEA! THEY MAY BE
DREAM QUEENS BUT THEY'RE
ONLY HUMAN! IF WE CAN GET
THEM OFF THE DIET ONCE, THE
REST WILL BE EASY! NOW LISTEN...



A FEW MINUTES LATER AT CANDY'S HOUSE...

...AND THAT'S THE WHOLE
STORY, TED! THE THREE
OF THEM WON'T EAT ANY-
THING BUT LETTUCE AND
GRAPEFRUIT FOR TWO
WEEKS! I'M AFRAID
CANDY WILL STARVE!

HAVE NO FEAR, MRS.
O'CONNOR! I'M HERE
TO PUT A RED HER-
RING ACROSS THEIR
DIET TRAIL! FIRST,
I'D BETTER SEE IF
CANDY'S COMING...



I'LL...
OOPS!

WATCH
OUT... OHHH!

UGH!

CANDY

NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, TED DAWSON! IF YOU'VE BROKEN ANY OF THEM, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!

GOSH, SUGARPLUM, I'M SORRY! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE GETTING A NEW CROP OF HOT PLATTERS? I'M RIGHT IN THE MOOD FOR A JAM SESSION!

WELL, IT WAS A JAM ANYWAY!

THOSE ARE EXERCISING RECORDS, MR. DAWSON! THESE DAYS OUR ENERGY IS USED TO REDUCE, NOT TO DANCE!

TED, WOULD YOU BE AN ANGEL AND CHANGE THE RECORDS FOR US?

SURE, SUGAR, ANYTHING TO PLEASE!

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THEIR FACES!

ONE HOUR AND TWENTY RECORDS LATER...

GOSH, OOF! THIS IS HARD WORK! UGH! BUT IT'S WORTH IT IF WE GET FIGURES LIKE OH! LEANOR LARUE!

WHEW!

PUFF-PUFF! YOU BET!

UP... DOWN... UP... DOWN... ONE... TWO... THREE...

RING-G-G

HAVE YOU GOT 'EM? SUPER! C'MON IN!

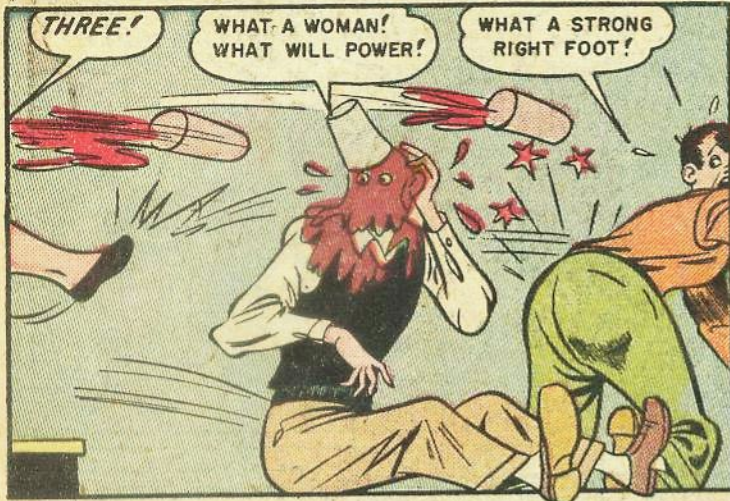
I HOPE WE LIVE THROUGH THIS!

Y'KNOW, HERBIE, ABOUT THIS DIET THING! CAN'T SLURP! SEE IT MYSELF! EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, GLUG! THAT'S MY MOTTO!

GULP! SLURP! YEAH, TED, ME! GULP! TOO!

READY, GALS... IN TIME TO THE RECORD NOW! ONE... TWO...

N-NOW, CANDY! CONTROL YOURSELF! REMEMBER, Y-YOU'RE WEAK FROM LACK OF FOOD!

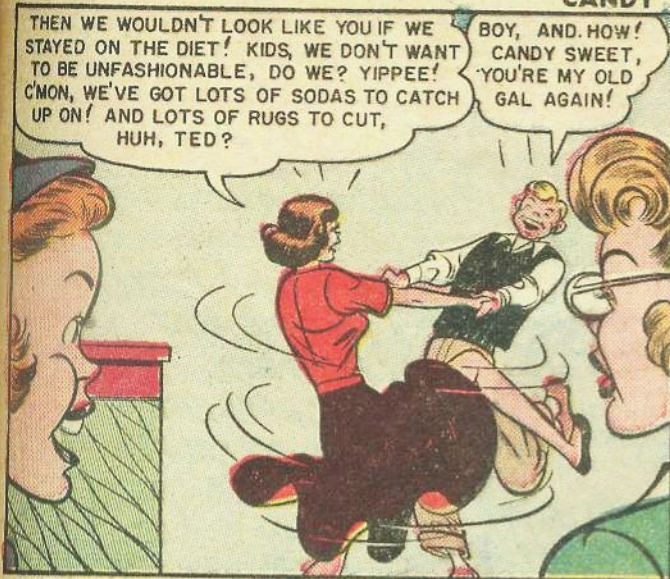


CANDY





CANDY



THEN WE WOULDN'T LOOK LIKE YOU IF WE STAYED ON THE DIET! KIDS, WE DON'T WANT TO BE UNFASHIONABLE, DO WE? YIPPEE! C'MON, WE'VE GOT LOTS OF SODAS TO CATCH UP ON! AND LOTS OF RUGS TO CUT, HUH, TED?

BOY, AND HOW! CANDY SWEET, YOU'RE MY OLD GAL AGAIN!



GOLLY, I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER! IF I CAN'T LOOK LIKE HER, I'D RATHER JUST LOOK LIKE MYSELF! HERBIE, WHIP ME UP A DOUBLE DIP SUNDAE WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS! BETTER MAKE IT TWO!

SURE THING, TINA!



THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! DRINK UP, KIDS! IT'S ALL MY TREAT!

TWO HOURS AND COUNTLESS SODAS LATER...

WELL, GANG, I HAVE TO BE GOING! I LEAVE FOR HOLLYWOOD FIRST THING IN THE MORNING TO START WORK ON MY PICTURE! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING...YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME!

'BYE, MISS LARUE! THANK YOU FOR THE SODAS...AND THE DIET TOO! TEE-HEE!



SOME DAYS LATER...

TED, LOOK! A TELEGRAM FROM LEANOR LARUE! THEY'RE PREVIEWING HER PICTURE HERE BECAUSE SHE SAYS HARTWICK HAS A TYPICAL TEEN AGE POPULATION!

GOSH, LET'S SEE!



IT SAYS THAT SHE WANTS YOU AND TED TO BE HER GUESTS BECAUSE YOU INSPIRED HER! HOW FABULOUS!

GLEEPES! WHAT'LL I WEAR? I'LL REALLY HAVE TO GET A NEW DRESS NOW! ANYONE WANT TO HELP ME PICK IT OUT?



OW! I HOPE THIS DOESN'T START IT ALL OVER AGAIN!

PLAY PIANO THE FIRST DAY... OR DON'T PAY!

Here's Your Chance to
BE POPULAR!



I'M CERTAINLY MISSING A LOT
OF FUN, AND DATES, TOO.
IF I COULD ONLY PLAY
THE PIANO THE WAY
BETTY DOES.
'WONDER HOW SHE
LEARNED SO FAST?
I'LL ASK HER THE
FIRST CHANCE I GET.

MARY, I NEVER TOOK A LESSON IN MY LIFE - BUT
NOW I CAN PLAY WELL, THANKS TO THE
AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR AND
THE DEAN ROSS SIMPLE ABC METHOD
YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT!



IF IT'S AS EASY
AS YOU SAY AND
IT ONLY COSTS
\$1.98 I'LL SEND
FOR IT
RIGHT AWAY!

GLAD I TOOK BETTY'S ADVICE.
NOW I GET INVITED
EVERYWHERE NO MORE
WALL FLOWER STUFF
FOR ME!



"I learned to play a song in 10
minutes."

-A.C.C. Washington

"Even if one never played a
note it is easy."

-C.G.H. New Hampshire

"Now I can play sheet music
beautifully"

-E.S. New York

Hundreds of thankful, en-
thusiastic letters like these
are in our files.

New, Patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR Guides Your Fingers

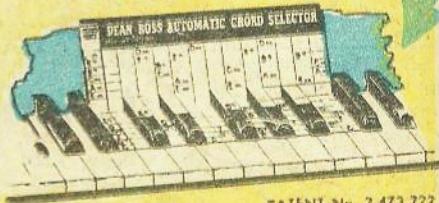
YOU, too, can play piano with BOTH
hands, in no time at all! Thou-
sands have learned to play this fast,
easy way. With the amazing, new in-
vention, the AUTOMATIC CHORD
SELECTOR there's really nothing to
it. Before long you're playing songs
everyone enjoys - from Hit Parade
numbers and hymns to beautiful old
ballads.

This is no trick method. You actu-
ally learn to read and play any sheet
music. And, the patented AUTO-
MATIC CHORD SELECTOR guides
your fingers every note of the way. No

scales, no exercises, no dreary practic-
ing. You actually play the minute you
sit down at the piano. You gain ease,
assurance and a professional style as
you go through the 30 lessons and
40 songs.

Instead of paying the studio charge
of \$5 a lesson, you can enjoy the 30 les-
sons, \$150 worth, in the privacy of your
home for just \$1.98. The Dean Ross
Piano Course can open up a whole new
world of happiness. Now you can be
the "hit" of every party - the center
of attraction wherever you go. Don't
delay another minute, mail the FREE
TRIAL Coupon NOW!

**NO SCALES!
NO EXERCISES!
YOU PLAY INSTANTLY!**



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Complete Course only \$1.98 - including the
PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR
No Extras - SEND NO MONEY!

You have 10 full days to prove to yourself the value of the Dean
Ross Piano method. When the complete course with its 30 clearly
illustrated lessons (worth \$150 at the studio) and 40 favorite
songs, together with the patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR
is delivered, pay postman just \$1.98 plus postage. Try the course for
10 days with the understanding that you must learn to play with
both hands at your full purchase price will be refunded at once.
The patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is yours to keep in
any event. You have nothing to lose - and popularity and fun
to gain, so mail coupon today!

DEAN ROSS PIANO STUDIOS INC., Dept. 208
45 West 45th Street

New York 19, N.Y.

THE GIRLS
ARE WILD
ABOUT THE
WAY I PLAY
PIANO - CAN'T
THANK DEAN
ROSS ENOUGH



10-Day FREE TRIAL COUPON - Mail Today!

DEAN ROSS PIANO STUDIOS, INC., Dept. 208
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Send the PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR with
the complete Dean Ross Piano Course consisting of 30 illus-
trated lessons and 40 popular songs. On delivery, will pay
postman only \$1.98 plus postage. If not completely thrilled,
I may return the Course in 10 days for immediate refund
of purchase price. The PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD
SELECTOR is mine to keep.

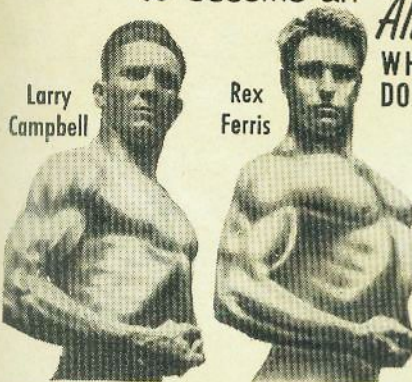
Name (Please Print)

Address

City & Zone State

☐ SAVE MONEY! Enclose \$1.98 and we pay postage.
Same Refund Guarantee.

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents? to become an "All-Around" HE-MAN at Home!



Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

AMAZING
get acquainted offer!
... Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses
YOUR LAST CHANCE only **10c**
Instead of \$1.00
plus **FREE** MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

An **"ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN**

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—

says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

HOW YOU CAN BE A WINNER AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH **PROGRESSIVE POWER**



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY—WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

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